

Recovery Of Gold Hinges On Salemites

(Continued from Page One.)

200 feet above the water level. They caught the coyote all right and in his struggle to free himself from the trap the animal dug a hole in the bottom of the cave. This uncovered the flap of an ancient saddle.

A little work with a pick soon brought to light the following articles, all somewhat decayed and showing the results of age: Two saddles, two bells such as are used for horses when staked out; a rosewood box containing papers and documents, a child's brush, comb and hair ribbon, a long stemmed pipe, a pair of old-fashioned spectacles with square lens, besides other personal effects.

An examination of the plunder convinced Williams that these were the articles that had been buried by the gold hunting party of which Mrs. Eliza Turtle of Salem, Oregon, was a member, nearly half a century ago. Further investigation convinced him that such was indeed the case, so he at once instituted a search for Mrs. Turtle, which has not as yet been successful.

According to Williams' story, Mrs. Eliza Turtle has made no less than six trips along the Columbia river for the purpose of discovering the hiding place of the gold left there back in 1876, by her father and his four companions. On these trips she explained to her guides that the party buried two lots of their belongings in order to prevent them from falling into the hands of the Indians. The location of the saddles, etc., was marked by a monument of rocks, but the gold was only a short distance away, in a location known to Mrs. Turtle.

A rough map of the location was all that Mrs. Turtle had to guide her in her search, but as many years had passed since she witnessed the burial of the treasure, she could not remember the general location of the cache.

From Mrs. Sarah Truax, formerly a resident of the Quincy vicinity, now living in Ellensburg, Williams has learned the story of the burial of the gold along the river, supplemented also by what he learned from those who accompanied Mrs. Turtle on her six trips in search of the treasure.

It appears that there were five adults in the party, including Mrs. Turtle's parents. In addition there was a half breed guide. They had washed out about \$85,000 worth of gold at the scene of a new discovery somewhere in British Columbia and were on their way to their former home in Oregon.

As they reached the vicinity of Trinidad they found the Indians on the war path, being especially hostile towards the Chinamen who were then washing gold along the sands of the Columbia. The half breed guide employed by the party sensed danger and advised them to get rid of their horses and bury their gold, trusting to make their way home down the river on foot. As for him, he notified them that he would quit them right there and would not guide them any further.

The party took the guide's advice and buried their belongings in two places not far apart. Their saddles and other similar effects were put in one place and marked by a pile of stones, erected a couple of hundred feet away. The gold was buried elsewhere, and a rough map was made for guidance in relocating the treasure when the party returned, as they intended to do the following spring.

The party escaped from the scene of the Indian troubles safely, though once held up and searched by the warring red men. But when they arrived at The Dalles where there was an army post, the officers refused to accompany them back to find the gold. The Indian disturbances lasted for several years, and in the mean time the leading members of the party died.

The rest buried themselves at other adventures, until finally there was no one left of the entire party except the little girl, whose father had been leader of the expedition, now grown to womanhood and married. All she had to guide her in the search for the buried gold was the rough map drawn by her father many years before.

It was about 12 years ago that Quincy people first remember the expedition headed by Mrs. Elizabeth Turtle, which ranged up and down the Columbia river from Trinidad down to Beverly seeking a mythical pot of gold. For six summers, she came back each year and dug about among the sand, the rocks, the caves and the pot holes of the river bank, all to no purpose.

At first the people in the vicinity showed a keen interest in the quest for the lost gold and many of them instituted searching parties of their own but as no trace was ever found of the object of the quest, it became a tradition in and around Quincy that the entire story was a myth, and any one who wasted any time looking for this gold which never existed, was regarded as being slightly "off."

"Webley and I had heard much about Mrs. Turtle and her explorations in search of the buried gold," said Williams in the Daily World office Wednesday, "but we never took any stock in the proposition until we set a trap for a coyote in

a cave that has been hollowed out of the rock in a pot hole about a mile from the river near Symrna, and thus uncovered the cache of hidden articles. That reminded us of Mrs. Turtle, who has not been in the vicinity for six years.

"We talked with cowboys who had acted as guides for her, also with Mrs. Sarah Truax, who formerly lived near by but has moved to Ellensburg, also other neighbors who remembered parts of her story. This convinced me that there must be something to the tradition, and so I have spent some time digging around in the vicinity to see if I could discover the buried gold also.

"I tried to find the names of the people who came here every summer for six or eight years looking for the buried gold, thinking some of them might be able to find the gold if they had the location of the saddles to start with. But the hotel where they formerly stopped had been burned up and with it the register containing their names. I finally found some one who knew Mrs. Turtle's name and address, and went to Salem, where she was supposed to have lived. There I found that she had moved and no one knew what had become of her. But I did find an old man named Jacobson, at the county poor farm who had once loaned her \$1000 to finance an expedition in search of the treasure.

"I also found that the loss of the gold had been reported to the United States mint at San Francisco and that the branch mint at Seattle has such a record. This was done in order to trace the gold in case some one found it and took it to the mint. No one has ever done so, and therefore I am confident that the gold still reposes in the deer skin sacks where it was hidden 45 years ago.

"The cowboy who guided Mrs. Turtle on her last trip says that she went to a point among the rocks just above the cave where we found the saddles and said that this seemed to her to be the spot where her father had stood when looking about for a safe hiding place for the gold. They dug around in the vicinity for a long

time, but failed to find anything. Mrs. Turtle would spend from three to six weeks each year in looking for the gold, but without ever finding anything to encourage her to believe she was on the right track.

"I feel sure, however, that if we can find Mrs. Turtle, and take her to the cave where we found the saddles, she will remember where the gold is buried. She used to say to her guides that if she could find the place where her father hid the saddles she could walk right to the hiding place of the gold."

Salem Bride of Few Days Hurt In Auto Crash

Mrs. E. L. Woods, of this city, was severely cut and bruised and narrowly escaped death in an automobile accident about four miles from Hermiston on the evening of September 22, according to word received by The Capital Journal today from Mrs. B. M. Woods, mother of the injured woman's husband, who left Salem as soon as she was informed of the accident.

The accident occurred just after dark when Mr. Woods drew his car up on the side of the road to repair a tire. Two other cars, moving in opposite directions met where the Woods' car was parked. One of them, a Ford truck, reported to have had but one light burning, crashed into the standing car, from the rear.

Mrs. Woods was holding onto a trunk on the back of the car and was caught between the two machines and dragged several feet. Mrs. Woods was severely hurt about the back and hips and had many bruises and cuts over her body. Her clothes were torn to rags.

Upon the arrival of Mrs. B. M. Woods at Echo, where the injured woman was taken immediately after the accident, the younger woman

an was removed to a sanitarium at Walla Walla.

Mr. and Mrs. Woods were married in Salem September 18 and were on their way to Walla Walla to attend college during the coming winter when the accident occurred.

Flexible Fare Replaces Nickel On Trolley Lines

Atlantic City, N. J., Oct. 4.—P. H. Gadsden, of Philadelphia, president of the American Electric Railway Association, declared today at the opening of the organization's annual convention that most lines had shaken off "the five-cent fare fetish."

Replacing it, he said, was the flexible fare, which goes up or down with operating costs. He asserted that establishment within the last few years by courts and regulatory bodies of the principle that traction companies could not be forced to operate at a loss had provided a secure foundation for the future financing of the industry.

Despite outstanding suspensions of lines, Mr. Gadsden continued, the industry's general condition was encouraging.

"An analysis of the operations of a group of 75 city and interurban roads," he said, "shows that in the six months ending June 30, the operating revenue was \$146,100,956 as compared with \$141,701,543 for the same period in 1920.

"In other words, during the last six months, when business generally in this country has been almost prostrate, the electric railways show an actual increase in revenue of over three percent as compared with the same six months of 1920. Only four or five electric railways have ceased to operate, while 5,000,000 men and women are reported to be out of work.

To the motorist who has quit guessing about tires —

ALONG about this time of year a man finds his motor- ing neighbors getting anxious about their tires. With folks expecting old tires to "pop" any minute, there comes the question of what kind of new ones to buy. U. S. Tires are answering a lot of questions like this nowadays.

The U. S. Tire following embraces two kinds of tire buyers.

Those who started with quality first, and have never bought anything else but the quality standard tire.

Those who came to quality first only after dabbling with "bargains," "rebates," "job lot" and "surplus stock" tires.

Getting one hundred cents value on the dollar in tire buying is a straight-forward business proposition — not guess-work or a game of wits.

The most essential man for you to know today is the local U. S. Tire dealer who is concentrating on a full, completely sized line of U. S. Tires.

He gets his U. S. Tires straight from his neighboring U. S. Tire Factory Branch—one of 92 such Branches established and maintained all over the country by the U. S. Tire makers.

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Giving the same quality, selection and price-advantage to the owner of the medium weight car as the big car owner gets. With equal service and buying opportunity whether he lives in the smaller localities or the greater centers of population.



THE U. S. NOBBY TREAD

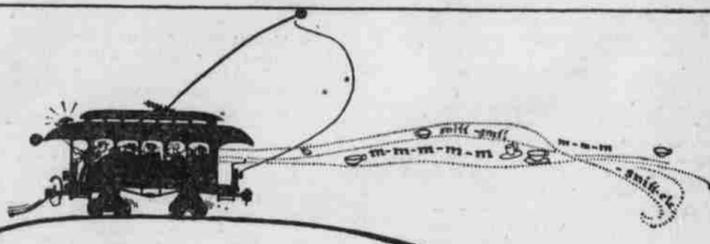
Where the going is specially heavy with snow, mud or sand, in hilly country where maximum traction on the road is a factor, no other tread yet devised is quite so effective, or so wholly approved by motoring opinion, as the U. S. Nobby Tread.

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Did you ever—

ride in a street car with someone near by carrying coffee in a paper bag? Of course, the appetizing aroma made you hungry for a cup of it, too.

When the person carrying that coffee reached home, the package was intact, but a large percentage of the flavor, the real life of the article, had disappeared into the atmosphere with the result, of a sure loss of many cents per pound. Think of it—paying a good price to get a quality coffee and then losing much of what you pay for—flavor—simply because its not packed right.

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Hills Bros.



the vacuum tin keeps the flavor in

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What Is the Duo-Art Piano?

Duo-Art means your art and the art of others. It is the very latest achievement in the development of a "Reproducing Instrument," which reproduces with fidelity every phase and every shade of expression employed by the artist playing. It reproduces their very individuality. The only difference is you do not see the artist. You can listen to the actual performance of Harold Bauer, Joseph Hoffman, Alfred Cortot, Ignaz Paderewski, and many others who play exclusively for the Duo-Art. Do not be led to believe that other so-called "reproducing pianos" are to be compared in any way with the "Duo-Art Piano." The Duo-Art Pianos are to be had only in Steinway-Weber-Steck-Wheelock and Stroud models and from Sherman Clay & Company, their agents.

time and allow us to explain and demonstrate the "Upright Duo-Art Pianos."

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